

The Greatest of All Community Song Books!

FIFTY FAMOUS FAVORITES

A Collection of Famous Popular, Copyrighted Songs, Including Many Old Favorites



*Edited and Revised by
Nicholas DeVore*

"Songs That Daddy Used to Sing"

PRICE
50¢

Music
Publishers

ROBBINS-ENGEL INC.

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Explanatory Comment

The songs contained in Fifty Famous Favorites represent the popular verdict of the passing generation. They are songs our fathers sang—and loved. Many of them are destined to become popular classics—the true American folk-songs. As such they will endure as a vital chapter in our National musical history.

The present versions aim to translate these songs somewhat out of the idiom of the latest jingle of the moment into the more universal and enduring style of the ballad, the “home-song” of the family circle. The arrangements are for the most part for unison singing, or for a solo voice. The piano part follows and supports the voice, and the words are inserted in the piano score, eliminating the need for a separate staff for the voice, thus making it easier for the one who would both play and sing. While it is understood that the vocal part is written as it is to be sung, the pianist need not necessarily hold down the key for the time indicated, when the playing is simplified by releasing it, or by striking it more than once.

To compress the greatest number of favorites within a limited space, some of the songs are represented by their choruses only, since often the popularity of the verse has waned almost to the point of oblivion. The original editions of all of the copyright numbers are still in print, and this collection should serve to recall their enduring merit, and bring about a revival in some measure of their former extreme popularity.

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FIFTY FAMOUS FAVORITES

**A collection of celebrated copyright songs
including many popular ballads**

Edited and Revised by
NICHOLAS DEVORE

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Music Publishers

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NEW YORK

The Sidewalks of New York

(East Side, West Side)

CHAS. B. LAWLOR
and JAMES W. BLAKE

Tempo di Valse

Down in front of Ca - sey's ——— Old brown wood - en
That's where John - ny Ca - sey ——— And lit - tle Jim - my
Things have changed since those times, ——— Some are up in

stoop, ——— On a sum - mer's eve - ning ——— We
Crowe, ——— With Jak - ey Krause the bak - er, ——— Who
"G," ——— Oth - ers, they are wand' - rers, ——— But they

formed a mer - ry group; ——— Boys and girls to -
al - ways had the dough; ——— Pret - ty Nel - lie
all feel just like me; ——— They'd part with all

geth - er, ——— We would sing and waltz, ——— While the
Shan - non, ——— With a dude as light as cork, ———
they've got, ——— Could they but once more walk, ——— With

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"gin - nie" played the or - gan on the Side-walks of New York.
 First picked up the waltz-step on the Side-walks of New York.
 their best girl and have a twirl on the Side-walks of New York.

CHORUS

East side, West side, all a - round the town, The

tots sang "ring-a - ros-ie" "Lon - don Bridge is fall - ing down;"

Boys and girls to - geth - er, Me and Ma - mie Rorke,

Tripped the light fan - tas - tic, on the Side-walks of New York.

In The Good Old Summer Time

REN SHIELDS

GEORGE EVANS

There's a time in each year that we al-ways hold dear,
To swim in the pool, you'd play "hock-y" from school,

Good old sum-mer time; With the birds and the trees-es and
Good old sum-mer time; You'd play "ring-a-ros-ie" with

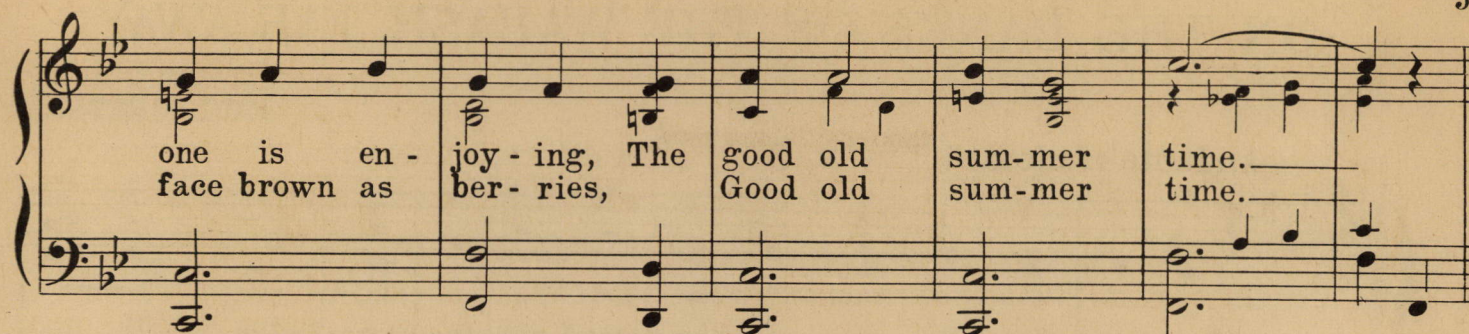
sweet scent-ed breez-es, Good old sum-mer time When your
Jim, Kate and Jos-ie, Good old sum-mer time, Those

day's work is o-ver then you are in clov-er, and life is one
days full of pleas-ure we now fond-ly treas-ure, when we nev-er

beau-ti-ful rhyme, No trou-ble an-noy-ing each
thought it a crime, To go steal-ing cher-ries, with

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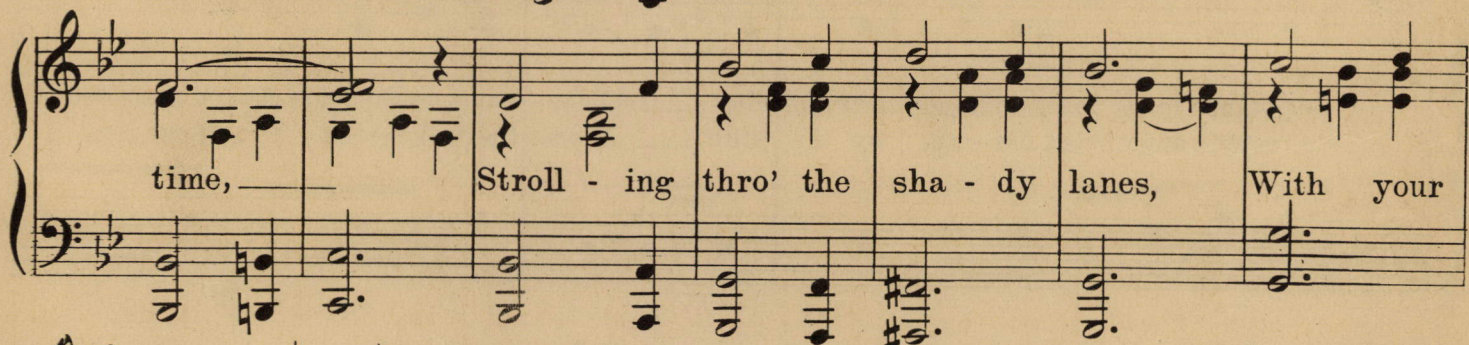


one is en-joy-ing, The good old sum-mer time.
face brown as ber-ries, Good old sum-mer time.

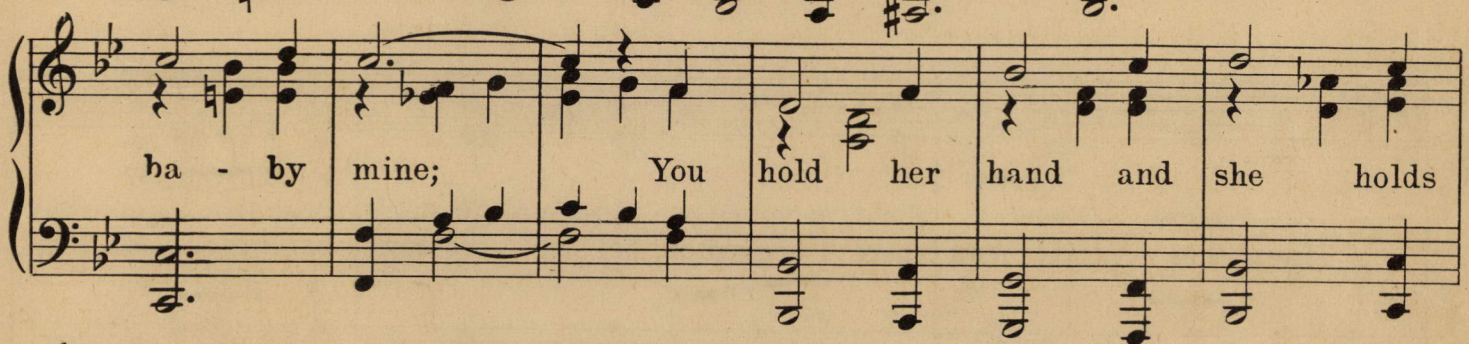
CHORUS



In the good old sum-mer time, In the good old sum-mer



time, Stroll-ing thro' the sha-dy lanes, With your



ha-by mine; You hold her hand and she holds



yours. And thats a ve-ry good sign That she's your



toot-sey woot-sey In the good old sum-mer time.

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY

PAUL DRESSER

Andante moderato



'Round my Ma - ny In - di - an - a home-stead wave the corn-fields, In the Arm in years have passed since I strolled by the riv - er

distance loom the woodlands clear and cool; — Often - times my thoughts revert to scenes of arm with sweetheart Ma - ry, by my side; — It was there I tried to tell her that I

child-hood, Where I first re-ceived my les-sons— Nature's school. — But loved her, It was there I begged of her to be my bride. — Long

one thing there is miss - ing in the pic - ture, With years have passed since I strolled thro' the church - yard, She's

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rall. *a tempo*

out her face it seems so in-com-plete: I long to see my moth-er in the
sleep-ing there my an-gel Ma-ry dear: I loved her but she thought I did-n't

rall. *p*

door-way As she stood there years a-go, her boy to greet.
mean it- Still I'd give my fu-ture were she on-ly here.

CHORUS

mp espressivo

Oh the moon-light's fair to-night a-long the Wa-bash, From the

fields there comes the breath of new-mown hey; Thro' the syc-a-mores the can-dle lights are

pp rall.

gleam-ing, On the banks of the Wa-bash far a-way.

Just Tell Them That You Saw Me

PAUL DRESSER

Moderato

While stroll - ing down the street one eve up - on mere pleasure bent, 'Twas
Your cheeks are pale, your face is thin, come tell me were you ill, When

af - ter business worries of the day, I saw a girl who shrank from me in
last we met your eye shone clear and bright, Come home with me when I go, Madge, the

whom I re - cog - nized, My school mate in a vil - lage far a - way. "Is
change will do you good, Your moth - er wonders where you are to - night! "I

that you Madge," I said to her, she quick - ly turned a - way, "Don't
long to see them all a - gain, but not just yet," she said, 'Tis

turn a - way, Madge; I am still your friend. Next
pride a - lone that's keep - ing me a way. Just

week I'm go - ing back to see the old folks and I thought Per -
tell them not to wor - ry, for I'm al - right don't you know, Tell

haps some mes - sage you would like to send?
moth - er I am com - ing home some day."

CHORUS

"Just tell them that you saw me," She said "they'll know the rest; Just

tell them I was look - ing well you know. Just whisper if you get a chance to

moth - er dear, and say, I love her as I did long, long a - go?"

Give My Regards To Broadway

GEO. M. COHAN

Tempo di Marcia

At a port in France one morn-ing wait - ing for my
Say hel - lo to dear old Con-ey Isle, if there you

ship to sail, — Yan-kee sol-diers on a fur - lough came to
chance to be, — When you're at the Wal - dorf have a smile and

get the lat - est mail; — I told them I was on my
charge it up to me; — Men-tion my name ev - 'ry place you

way to old Man - hat - tan Isle; — They all gath-ered a -
go, as 'round the town you roam; — Wish you'd call on my

bout, As the ves-sel pulled out and said with a smile. —
gal, Now re - mem-ber, old pal, when you get back home. —

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CHORUS

Give my re - gards to Broad - way, re - mem - ber me to Her - ald

Square, Tell all the gang at For - ty - Sec - ond street, that I will

soon be there; Whis - per of how I'm yearn - ing To

min - gle with the old time throng, Give my re - gards to

old Broad - way and say that I'll be there e'er long.

The Yankee Doodle Boy

GEO. M. COHAN

Im the kid thats all the can-dy Im a Yan-kee Doodle Dandy Im glad I am,
 Father's name was Hez-i-ki-ah, Moth-er's name was Ann Ma-ri-a, Yanksthrough and through

Cho. (So's Un-cle Sam) Im a real live Yan-kee doo-dle Made my name and fame and boo-dle
 Cho. (Red, White and Blue) Father was so Yan-kee heart-ed When the Span-ish war was start-ed

Just like mis-ter Doo-dle did, by rid-ing on a po-ny. I love to lis-ten to the
 He slipped on his un-i-form and hopped up-on a po-ny. My moth-er's moth-er was a

Dix-ie strain, I long to see the girl I left be-hind me; And that ain't a josh She's a
 Yan-kee true, My fa-ther's father was a Yan-kee too, And that's go-ing some, For the

Yan-kee by gosh Cho (Oh, say can you see, An-y-thing a-bout a
 Yan-kee's by gum, Cho (Oh, say can you see, An-y-thing a-bout my

CHORUS

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Yan-kee that is phon - ey, I'm a Yan-kee Doo-dle Dan - dy, A
ped - i - gree that's phon - ey,



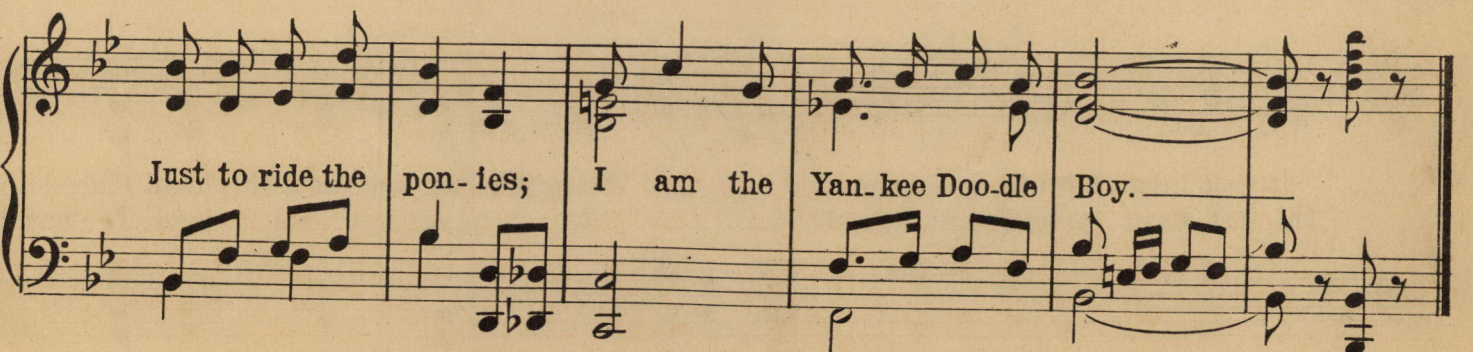
Yan - kee Doo-dle do, or die; A real live nephew of my Un-cle Sams,



Born on the Fourth of Ju - ly. I've got a Yan-kee Doo-dle sweet - heart



She's my Yan-kee Doo-dle joy. Yan-kee Doo-dle came to Lon-don,



Just to ride the pon - ies; I am the Yan-kee Doo-dle Boy.

Mandy Lee

THURLAND CHATTAWAY

Moderato

Man-y years a - go to - day Wed-ding bells were ring-ing gay, Seemed as
 Tho' the years since that glad day Have gone by the same old way, Still your

if they sang a song of love to me; At the meet-ing house in town All the
 hand in mine is rest-ing, just as true; While the children round us play, The

folks were gather'd round; Down the aisle I proud-ly walk'd with Man-dy Lee. — As we
 songs they sing so gay Make me think of those I used to sing to you. — When the

stood to - geth - er there, A lit - tle sun - beam touched her hair Just as
 time comes, we must part! Oh, what sad - ness fills my heart, Just to

if it loved her too, the same as I, — Then the Par-son bow'd his head, Placed her
 think I can't go with you, Man-dy Lee; — So I prays the Lord a - bove To watch

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hand in mine and said: "Love and hon - or one an-oth-er till you die."
o - ver you, my love, And to leave you here and in your place take me.

CHORUS

Man - dy Lee I loves you, 'deed I do, my Man - dy Lee; Your

eyes they shine like dia-monds, love, to me;

Seems as though my heart would break with-out you, Man - dy Lee, 'Cause I

loves you, Man - dy, 'deed I do, my Man - dy Lee.

So Long Mary

GEO. M. COHAN

Moderato

1. "It's awf-'ly nice of all you girls to see me to the train." "So long,
2. "It's awf-'ly kind of all you boys to see me off to-day." "So long,

Ma-ry." "I did-n't think you'd care if you should ne'er see me a-gain."
Ma-ry." "I did-n't think you'd care if I should eith-er go or stay."

"You're wrong, Ma-ry." "This re-minds me of my fam-i-ly,
"You're wrong, Ma-ry." "Yes, I'm going to oth-er lands to dwell,

On the day I left Sche-nec-ta-dy, To the de-pot
Awf-'ly nice of you to wish me well; Hard-ly thought a

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then they came with me I seem to hear them say:
soul in New Ro-chelle would ev - en come to say:

CHORUS

"So Long, Ma - ry; Ma-ry, we will miss you so.

So Long Ma - ry, How we hate to see you go; And we'll

all be long-ing for you, Ma - ry, While you roam;

So Long Ma - ry, don't for-get to come back home.

I'll Be With You When The Roses Bloom Again

COBB & EDWARDS

Allegretto moderato

They are roam - ing in the gloam - ing, where the
'Mid the rat - tle of the bat - tle comes a

ros-es are in bloom, Just a sold-ier and his sweet-heart, staunch and true, But her
whis-per soft and low, For a sold-ier boy has fal - len in the fray, "I am

heart is filled with sor-row, and her thoughts are of the mor-row, As she
dy - ing, cap - tain, dy - ing and I know that I must go, — But I

pins a rose up - on his coat of blue. — "Do not
want your prom - ise ere I pass a way. — There's a

ask me, love, to lin - ger, for you know not what you say, When my
far and dis - tant riv - er, where the ros - es bloom so fair, There's a

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du - ty calls, my sweet-heart's voice is vain, - But your heart need not be sigh-ing, If I'm
maid-en who is wait - ing all in vain, - It is there I'd have you take me, I've been

not a - mong the dy - ing, I'll be with you when the ros-es bloom a - gain?
faith-ful, don't for-sake me, I must be there when the ros-es bloom a - gain?

CHORUS *Slow*

When the ros - es bloom a - gain be - side the riv - er, And the

rob-in red-breast sings his sweet re - frain, As in days of Auld Lang Syne, I'll be

with you, sweet-heart, mine, I'll be with you when the ros-es bloom a - gain.

Good-Bye Dolly Gray.

WILL D. COBB

PAUL BARNES

March Time

I have come to say good-bye, Dol-ly Gray, It's no
Hear the roll-ing of the drums, Dol-ly Gray, Back from

use to ask me why, Dol-ly Gray, There's a
war the reg-ment comes, Dol-ly Gray; On your

mur-mur in the air, You can hear it ev-'ry where, It is
love-ly face so fair, I can see a look of care, For your

time to do, and dare, Dol-ly Gray.
sol-dier boy's not there, Dol-ly Gray.

CHORUS

Good - bye, Dol - ly I must leave you,

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tho' it breaks my heart to go; Some-thing

tells me I am need ed at the front to fight the

foe; See the sol-dier boys are march - ing, and I

can no long - er stay; Hark! I hear the bug-le

call - ing; good-bye, Dol-ly Gray. *f*

Waiting For The Robert E. Lee

L. WOLFE GILBERT

LEWIS F. MUIR

Allegro moderato

1. Way down on the lev - ee in old Al - ab - am -
 What's that they're say - in'? O what's that they're say -
 2. The whis - tles are blow - in' the smoke-stacks are show -
 Have you been down there? O were you a - round

- y There's da - dy and mam - my there's Eph - riam and Sam -
 in'? A - while they keep play - in' an' hum - min' an' sway -
 - in' The ropes they are throw - in' ex - cuse me, I'm go -
 there? If you ev - er go there you'll al - ways be found

my, On a moon light night you can find
 - in' It's the good ship Rob - ert E. Lee
 - in' To the place where all is har - mo -
 there, Why I'm dog gone, here comes my ba -

¹
 them all, While they are wait - in' the ban - jos are syn - co - pa - tin'
 - ni - ous, Ev - en the preach - er, he is the dance - ing teacher

²
 that's come To car - ry the cot - ton a - way.
 by On the good ol - d Rob - ert E. Lee.

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CHCRUS

Watch them shuff - lin' a - long
Join that shuff - a - lin' throng,

See them shuff - lin' a - long
Hear that mu - sic and song
Go take your
It's sim - ply

best
great,
gal
mate,
real
pal, Go

down to the lev - ee; I said: to the lev - ee and

Wait - in' on the lev - ee, Wait - in' for the Rob - ert E Lee.

Mary's A Grand Old Name

GEO. M. COHAN

Moderato

My moth-er's name was Ma - ry, she was so good and
Now when her name is Ma - ry, there is no false-ness

true; — Be - cause her name was Ma - ry,
there; — When to Ma - rie she'll va - ry,

she called me Ma - ry, too. — She was - n't gay or
she'll sure - ly bleach her hair. — Though Ma - ry's or - di -

air - y, but plain as she could be; —
na - ry, Ma - rie is fair to see; —

I hate to meet a fair - y who calls her-self Ma - rie. —
Don't ev - er fear sweet Ma - ry, be-ware of sweet Ma - rie. —

CHORUS *Slowly*

For it is Ma - ry, Ma - ry, plain as a - ny name can

be; But with pro - pri - e - ty, so - ci - e - ty will

say Ma - rie; But it was Ma - ry, Ma - ry,

long be - fore the fash - ions came, And there is some - thing there that

sounds so square, It's a grand old name.

The Blue And The Gray

PAUL DRESSER

In March Time

A moth-er's gift to her coun-try's cause is a sto - ry yet un-
A - lone to-night while the stars are bright, she is suff- ring in des-

told, She had three sons, three on - ly ones, each
pair, The last great day, I hear her say, "My

worth his weight in gold, She gave them up for the
three boys will be there?" Per - haps they'll watch at the

sake of war, while her heart was filled with pain, As each
heav - 'nly gates as on guard be - side their guns, And the

went a-way, she was heard to say, he will nev - er come a - gain. —
moth - er, true to the gray and blue, then may en - ter with her sons. —

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CHORUS

27

One lies down near Ap - po - mat - tox, Man - y

miles a way, An - oth - er sleeps at Chick - a -

mau - ga, And they both wore suits of gray,

'Mid the strains of "Down in Dix - ie," The third was

laid a way, In a trench at San - ti -

a - go, The Blue and the Gray.

You're A Grand Old Flag

GEO. M. COHAN

There's a feel - ing come a steal - ing and it sets my brain a
 I'm a crank - y hank - y pank - y I'm a dead square hon - est

reel - ing, When I'm list - ning to the mus - ic of a mil - i - ta - ry
 Yan - kee, And I'm might - y proud of that old flag that flies for Un - cle

band. An - y tune like "Yan - kee Doo - dle" sim - ply sets me off my
 Sam. Though I don't be - lieve in rav - ing ev - 'ry time I see it

noo - dle, It's that pa - tri - ot - ic some - thing that no one can un - der -
 wav - ing, There's a chill runs up my back that make me glad I'm what I

stand. _____ "Way down South in the land of cot - ton" mel -
 am. _____ Here's a land with a mil - lion sol - diers that's _____

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- o - dy un - tir - ing, Aint that in - spir - ing!
if we should need - 'em, We'll fight for free - dom!

Hur - rah! Hur - rah! We'll join the ju - bi -
Hur - rah! Hur - rah! For ev - 'ry Yan - kee

- lee, And that's go - ing some for the Yan - kees, by
Tar And old G. A. R. ev - 'ry stripe, ev - 'ry

gum! Red, White and Blue, I am for
star, Red, White and Blue, Hats off to

you, Hon - est you're a grand old flag.
you, Hon - est you're a grand old flag.

CHORUS

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The music features various musical notations including eighth notes, quarter notes, half notes, and chords. There are also some dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are: 'You're a grand old flag, you're a high fly-ing flag, And for-ev-er in peace may you wave. You're the em-blem of the land I love, The home of the free and the brave. Ev-'ry heart beats true un-der Red, White and Blue, Where there's nev-er a boast or brag; But should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, Keep you're eye on the grand old flag.'

You're a grand old flag, you're a high fly-ing flag, And for-ev-er in
peace may you wave. You're the em-blem of the land I
love, The home of the free and the brave. Ev-'ry heart beats
true un-der Red, White and Blue, Where there's nev-er a boast or brag;
But should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, Keep you're
eye on the grand old flag.

Sweet Genevieve

31

HENRY TUCKER

O, Gen-e-vieve Id give the world To live a-gain the love-ly past! The
Fair Gen-e-vieve my ear-ly love, The years but make thee dear-er far! My

rose of youth was dew-im-pearled; But now it with-ers in the blast. I
heart shall nev-er, nev-er rove: Thou art my on-ly guid-ing star, For

see thy face in ev-'ry dream, My wak-ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy
me the past has no re-gret, What-e'er the years may bring to me; I

glance is in the star-ry beam That falls a-long the Sum-mer sea.
bless the hour when first we met, The hour that gave me love and thee!

CHORUS

O Gen-e-vieve, Sweet Gen-e-vieve, The days may come, the days may go,

But still the hands of mem'-ry weave The bliss-ful dreams of long a-go.

Take Me To That Swanee Shore

L. WOLFE GILBERT

LEWIS F. MUIR

Allegro moderato

See those mokes, real col - ored folks, Sing - ing, danc - ing,
See that fool, old hap - py fool, Watch him laugh - in'

laugh - ing, tell - ing old min - strel jokes;— See the picks,
cause hes tick - lin' Eph' John - son's mule;— See that pair,

do - ing tricks, Led by Dea - con John - son who just
o - ver there, Lov - in', hug - gin', peo - ple watch - in',

turned nine - ty - six, Oh!— Mo - na now that you're free,
but they don't care, Oh!— Mo - na now that they're free,

Can't you see the lov - in' place I want to be.— Oh,
Hap - py they'll be, in the land of mirth and glee.—

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CHORUS

— won't you take me to that Swa - nee shore,

so I can see old Mam-my dance once more, — Old Black Joe,

Han-nah Snow, — There's Dad-dy and Mam - my, there's

Eph'-ram and Sam - my Ev'-ry one's there — to have a ju - bi - lee, — The

boys just ar rived up - on the Nan-cy Lee, — Down where that Riv - er flows,

Back there my heart — sure goes, Take me to that Swa - nee shore.

Say "Au Revoir," but not "Good-Bye"

HARRY KENNEDY

Moderato espressivo

p

Say "Au re - voir," but not "good - bye," For part-ing
The call has come, I'm off to war, 'Midst crash of

brings a bit-ter sigh; My coun-try needs me in this
shell and cannon's roar; The past is gone, tho' mem'-ry

fight For free-dom, lib - er - ty and right; Our du - ty
gives One cling-ing thought, the fu - ture lives; This one good

first, love must not lead, What might have
bye may be our last, The word is

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cresc.

been — had fate de - creed; — I'll ne'er for - get — the day we
spoke, — the die is cast; — But still my heart — beats wild with

rit.

met — I loved you then, — I love you yet.
pain — And tho' we may — not meet a - gain:

CHORUS
mf) a tempo*

Say "Au re - voir," — but not "good - bye," — Tho' we must

R.H.

cresc.

part, — love can-not die; — I'll ne'er for - get — the day we

rit. *f* *p* *mf*

met, — I loved you then, I love you yet.

*) Small notes for voice only

There's A Mother Always Waiting You At Home, Sweet Home.

JAMES THORNTON.

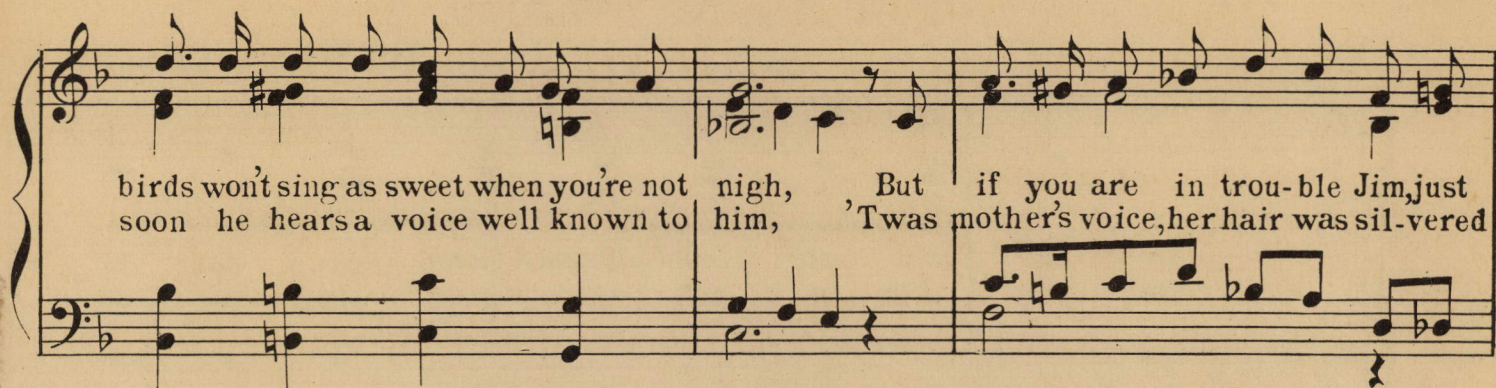
Moderato espressivo.

“So you’re going to leave the old home, Jim, to day you’re going a - way, You’re
Ten years lat - er to the vil - lage came a strang - er, no one knew, His

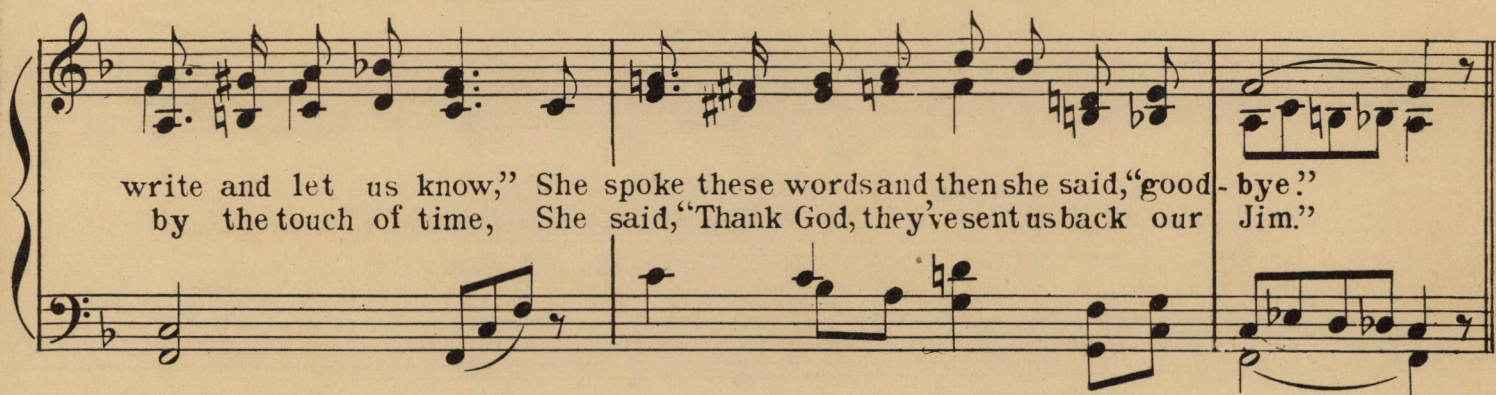
going a - mong the cit - y folk to dwell,” So spoke a dear old moth - er to her
step was halt, and ragged clothes he wore, — The lit - tle children laughed at him as

boy one sum - mer’s day, If your minds made up that way I wish you well. — The
down the lane he walked, At last he stopped be - fore a cot - tage door, — He

old home will be lone - ly, We will miss you when you’re gone, The
gent - ly knocked, no sound he heard, he tho’t, “can she be dead” But



birds won't sing as sweet when you're not nigh, But if you are in trou-ble Jim, just
soon he hears a voice well known to him, 'Twas mother's voice, her hair was sil-vered

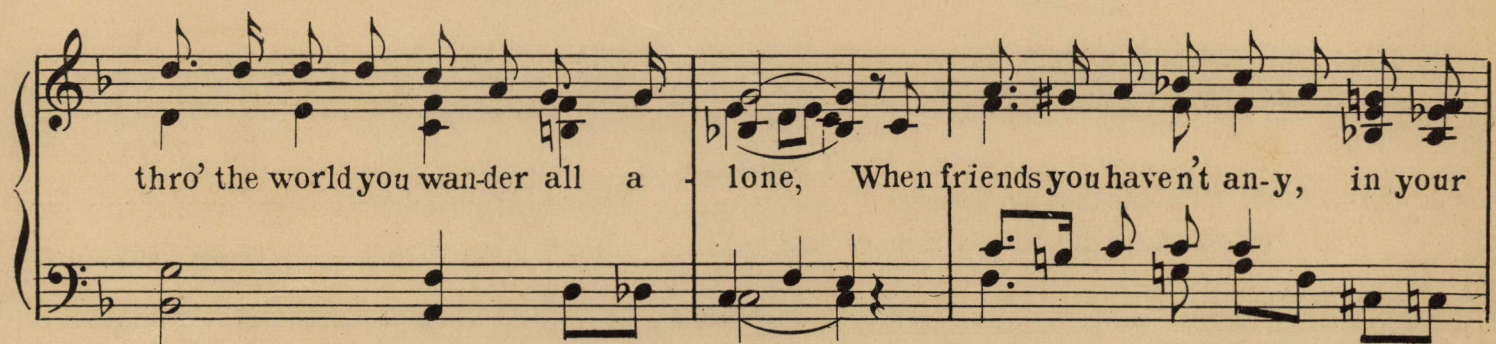


write and let us know," She spoke these words and then she said, "good-bye."
by the touch of time, She said, "Thank God, they've sent us back our Jim."

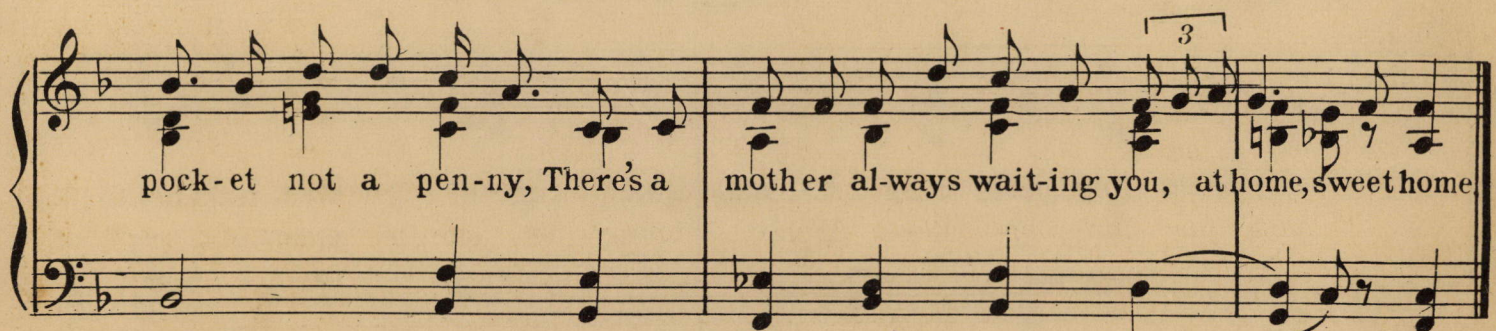
CHORUS



When sick-ness o-ver-take you, When old com-pan-ions shake you, As



thro' the world you wan-der all a-lone, When friends you haven't an-y, in your



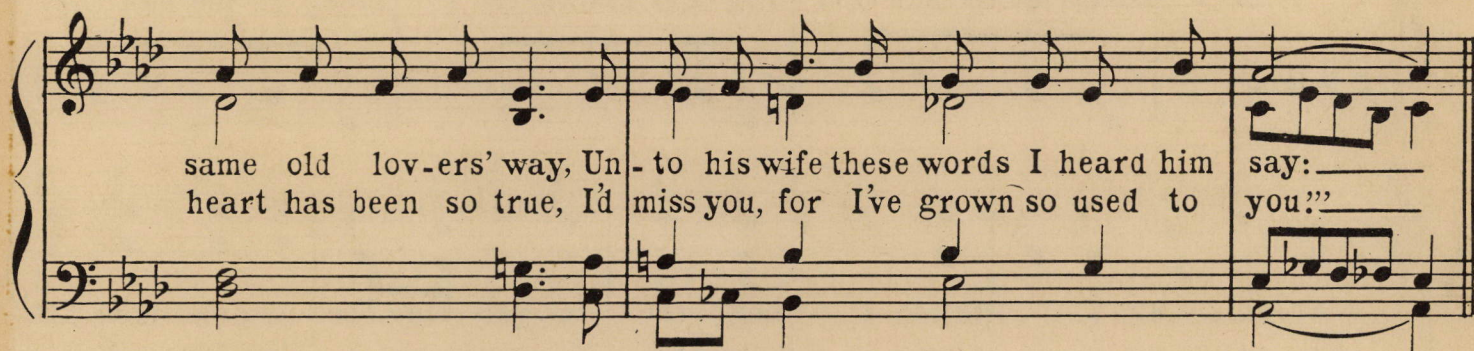
pock-et not a pen-ny, There's a mother al-ways wait-ing you, at home, sweet home

I've Grown So Used To You

THURLAND CHATTAWAY

In an old old fash - ioned home - stead sat a
 "Do you still re - call the days when we went
 cou - ple old and gray, They were on the way to threescore years and ten; — With the
 to the vil - lage school Boy and girl to - geth - er play ing on the way, Then a -
 tide of life for man - y years they'd drift - ed side by side, The
 gain as youth and maid we strolled up - on the vil - lage green, I
 dawn of youth they'll nev - er see a - gain — The old man's thoughts were turning to a
 loved you then, I love you more to - day — To see your chair, at ev'ning prayer, with
 day that's long been dead, He was dream - ing of the wed - ding bells that
 you no long - er here, Would bring to me a mem - o - ry of

rang when they were wed, With the light of love still burn-ing in the
man-y a by-gone year, And be-cause thro' all these years, old wife, your



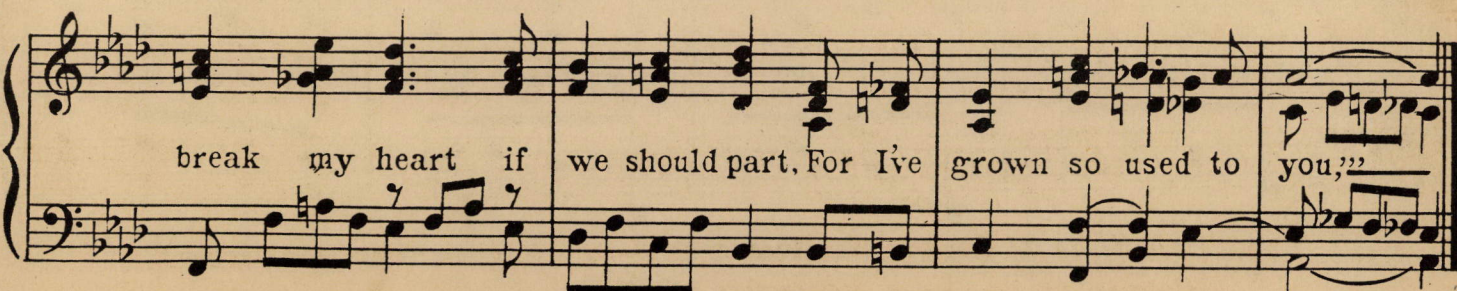
same old lov-ers' way, Un-to his wife these words I heard him say:
heart has been so true, I'd miss you, for I've grown so used to you?"

CHORUS

"When your eyes so bright have lost their light, Your voice so dear no longer here, When

you're called home and I'm a-lone, I won't know what to do; If the

'Mas-ter' knew how I'd miss you, I won-der if he'd call me too, 'Twould



break my heart if we should part, For I've grown so used to you,"

Shew! Fly, Don't Bother Me

BILLY REEVES

FRANK CAMPBELL

Allegretto con spirito

I think I hear the an-gels sing, I think I hear the
If I sleep in the sun this nig-ger knows, If I sleep in the sun this

an-gels sing, I think I hear the an-gels sing, The an-gels now are
nig-ger knows, If I sleep in the sun this nig-ger knows, A fly comes sting him

on the wing, I feel, I feel, I feel, That's what my moth-er said, The
on the nose, I feel, I feel, I feel, That's what my moth-er said, When

an - gels pour-ing 'las-ses down, Up - on this nig-ger's head.
ev-er this nig-ger goes to sleep, He must cov-er up his head.

CHORUS
Shew! fly, don't both-er me, Shew! fly, don't both er me.

Shew! fly, don't both - er me, I be-long to comp'-ny G

I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a morn-ing star, I

feel, I feel, I feel, I feel like a morn-ing star.

The Spanish Cavalier

WILLIAM D. HENDRICKSON

1. A Span-ish cav-a-li-er once in his re-treat, On his gui-tar play'd a tune, dear; The
 2. I'm off to the war to war I must go, Fight-ing for coun-try and you, dear; But
 3. And when the war is o'er, to you I'll re-turn, Back to my coun-try and you, dear; But
 Ch. Say darl-ing say, when I'm far a-way, Some-times you may think of me, dear, —

mu-sic so sweet, they'd oft-times re-pe-ate: The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear!
 if I should fall in, vain I would call: The bless-ing of my coun-try and you, dear!
 if I be slain, you'd seek me in vain, Up - on the bat-tle field - you will find me.
 Brigh sun-ny days will soon fade a-way, Re-mem-ber what I say — and be true, dear.

D.C.

Where Did You Get That Hat?

JOS. J. SULLIVAN

Moderato

1. Now how I came to get this hat 'tis ve - ry strange and fun - ny:
 2. If I go to the op - 'ra house in the op - 'ra sea - son, There's
 3. At twen - ty - one I thought I would to my sweet - heart be mar - ried, The

Grand fath - er died and left to me his prop - er - ty and mon - ey And
 some - one — sure to shout at me with - out the slight - est rea - son If
 peo - ple — in the neigh - bor - hood had said too long we'd tar - ried So

when the will it was read out, they told me straight and flat: If
 I go to a "chow - der club," to have a jol - ly spell; There's
 off to church we went right quick, de - ter - mined to get wed, I

I would have his mon - ey I must al - ways wear this hat!
 some - one in the par - ty, who is sure to shout at me:
 had not long been in there, when the par - son to me said:

CHORUS

Where did you get that hat? Where did you get that tile?

Is-nt it a nob-by one, and just the prop-er style? I should like to have one
just the same as that! Wher-e'er I go they shout! "Hel-lo! Where did you get that hat?"

How Can I Leave Thee

Moderato

1. How can I leave thee; How can I from thee part; Thou on - ly
2. Blue is a flow-'ret Called the "For - get - me - not;" Wear it up -
3. Would I a bird were; Soon at thy side I'd be, Fal - con nor

hast my heart, Dear-est, be-lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close-ly
- on thy heart, And think of me; Flow-'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
hawk would fear, Speed-ing to thee. And if by fow-ler slain, I at thy

bound to thine, No oth - er can I love Save thee a - lone.
us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Dear - est, be - lieve.
feet should lie, Didst thou but once com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die.

My Old Kentucky Home

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante con tenuto

1. The sun shines bright in my old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis
The young folks roll on the lit-tle ca-bin floor, All
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon, On the
The days go by like a shad-ow o'er the heart, With

sum-mer the dark-ies are gay; The corn-top's ripe and the
mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; Byn by hard times comes a -
mea-dow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the
sor-row where all was de-light; The time has come when the

mead-ows in the bloom, While the birds make mu-sic all the
knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good
glim-mer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in
dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good

1. day;
2. night!

Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the
old Ken-tuck-y home, For the old Ken-tuck-y home, far a-way.

Massa's in de Cold Ground

45

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Round de mead-ows am a ring-ing De dark-ey's mourn-ful song,
Where de i-vy am a creep-ing, O'er de grass-y mound,
When de au-tumn leaves were fall-ing, When de days were cold, 'Twas shore,
Now de or-ange trees am bloom-ing, On de sand-y shore,

While de mock-ingbird am sing-ing, Hap-py as de day am long.
Dare old mas-sa am a sleep-ing, Sleep-ing in de cold, cold ground.
hard to hear old mas-sa call-ing, Cayse he was so weak and old.
Now de sum-mer days am com-ing, Mas-sa neb-ber calls no more.
All de dark-eyes am a weep-ing, Mas-sa's in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS *D.S. al Fine*
Down in de corn-field Hear dat mourn-ful sound;

Annie Rooney

She's my sweet-heart, I'm her beau; She's my An-nie, I'm her Joe;

Soon we'll mar-ry, nev-er to part, Lit-tle An-nie Rooney is my sweet-heart.

Old Black Joe

STEPHEN C. FOSTER

Andante moderato

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
 Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
 Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The

Gone are my friends from the cot - ton fields a - way;
 Why do I sigh that my friends come not a - gain,
 child - ren so dear, that I held up - on my knee?

Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know; I
 Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long, a - go, I
 Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I

hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old black Joe!"
 hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old black Joe!"
 hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old black Joe!"

CHORUS

"I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, for my head is bend - ing low; I

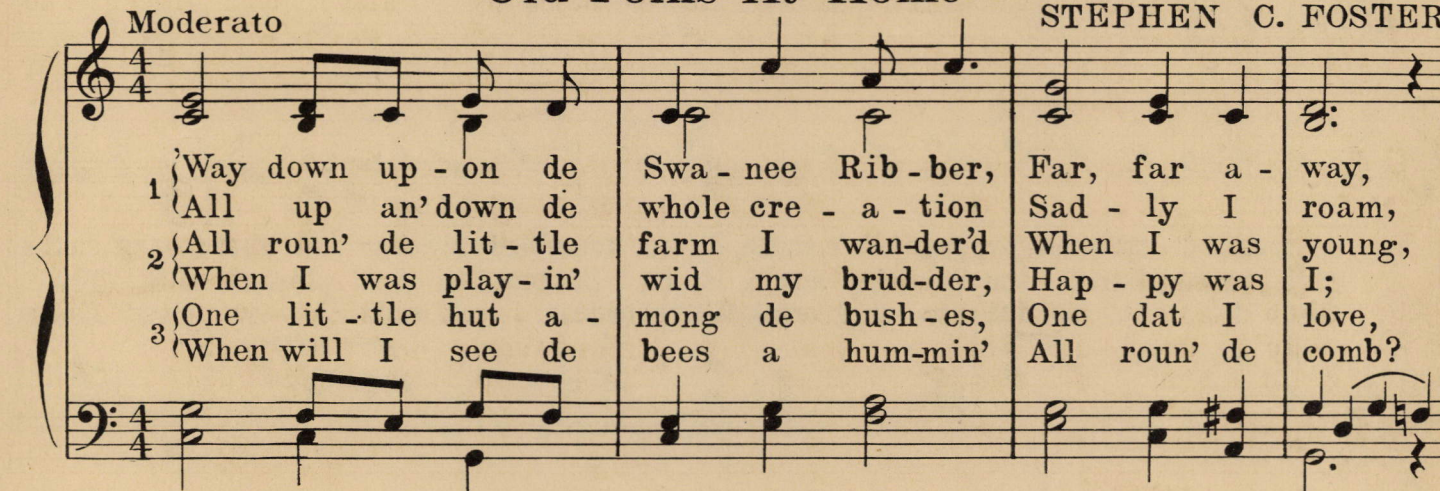


hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

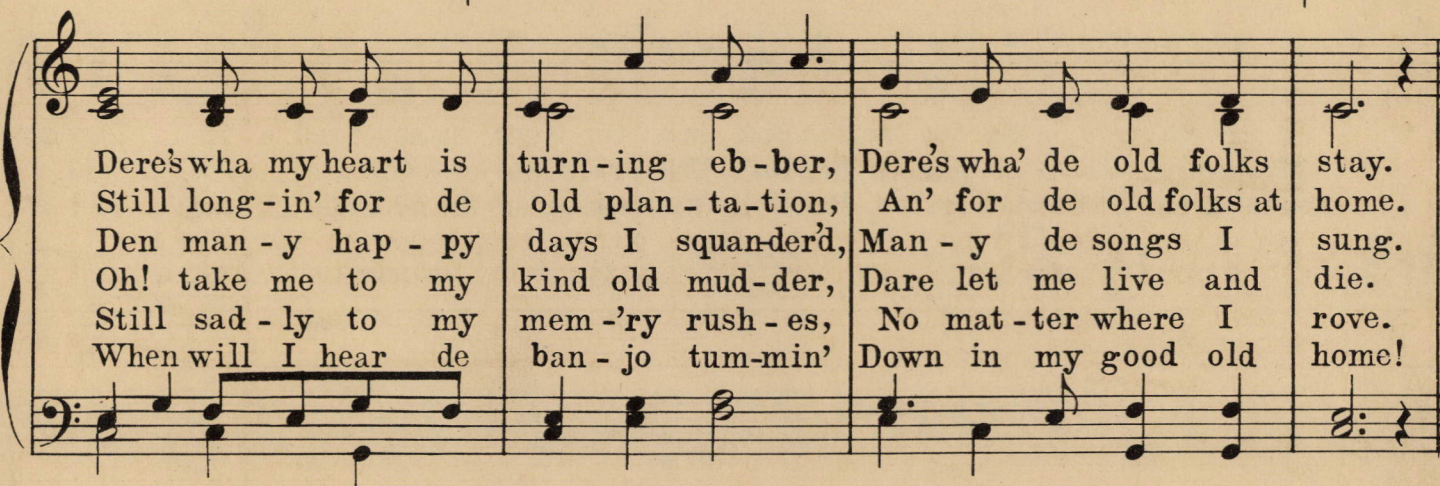
Old Folks At Home

Moderato


STEPHEN C. FOSTER



Way down up - on de Swa - nee Rib - ber, Far, far a - way,
 1 All up an' down de whole cre - a - tion Sad - ly I roam,
 2 All roun' de lit - tle farm I wan - der'd When I was young,
 3 When I was play - in' wid my brud - der, Hap - py was I;
 One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush - es, One dat I love,
 When will I see de bees a hum - min' All roun' de comb?



Dere's wha my heart is turn - ing eb - ber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay.
 Still long - in' for de old plan - ta - tion, An' for de old folks at home.
 Den man - y hap - py days I squander'd, Man - y de songs I sung.
 Oh! take me to my kind old mud - der, Dare let me live and die.
 Still sad - ly to my mem - 'ry rush - es, No mat - ter where I rove.
 When will I hear de ban - jo tum - min' Down in my good old home!



CHORUS
 All de world am sad and drear - y Eb - 'ry where I roam,



Oh! dark - ies, how my heart grows wear - y, Far from de old folks at home.

Ben Bolt

NELSON KNEASS

1 Oh! don't you re-mem-ber sweet Al-ice Ben Bolt, Sweet Al-ice, whose hair was so brown, Who
 2 Un-der the hick-o - ry tree Ben Bolt, Which stood at the foot of the hill, To-
 3 And don't you re-mem-ber the school Ben Bolt, With the mas-ter so kind and so true, And the

wept with de-light when you gave her a smile, And — trembled with fear at your frown? In the
 geth - er we've lain in the noon-day shade, And — lis-tened to Ap - ple-ton's mill. The
 sha - ded nook by the run-ning brook, Where the fair - est wild-flow-ers grew? Grass

old church-yard, in the val-ley, Ben Bolt, In a cor - ner ob-scure and a - lone, — They have
 mill-wheel has fall - en to piec-es, Ben Bolt, The raft - ers have tum-bled — in, — And a
 grows on the mas-ter's grave, Ben Bolt, The spring of the brook is — dry, — And of

fit - ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray, And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone, They have
 qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has fol-lowed the old - en din, — And a
 all the boys who were school-mates then, There are on - ly you and I, — And of

ritard. *molto rall.*
 fit - ted a slab of the gran-ite so gray And sweet Al-ice lies un - der the stone.
 qui-et that crawls round the walls as you gaze, Has — fol-lowed the old - en din.
 all — the boys who were school-mates then, There are on - ly you — and I.

Aloha Oe

49

Farewell To Thee

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI

Moderato

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of five systems of music. The first system includes the tempo marking 'Moderato'. The piano part is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The vocal line is in the soprano range. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The second system continues the melody. The third system includes the word 'CHORUS' above the first measure. The fourth system continues the chorus. The fifth system concludes the piece with a double bar line.

Proud - ly swept the rain cloud by the cliff As
 Thus sweet mem - o - ries come back to me
 I have seen and watched thy love - li - ness Thou

on, it glid-ed thro' the trees Still fol - low-ing with grief the
 sweet rose of Mau-na - wi - li, And 'tis there the birds oft love

li - ko The a hi hi le hua of the vale.
 to dwell

CHORUS

Fare - well to thee, fare well to thee, Thou charm-ing one who dwells a-mong the

bow-ers One fond embrace, be-fore I now de-part, Un-til we meet a- gain.

Annie Laurie

Andante moderato

LADY JOHN SCOTT

1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the
 2. Her brow is like the snaw-drift, Her throat is like the
 3. Like dew onth' gow - an ly - ing Is th' fa'o her fai - ry

dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Lau-rie Gave me her prom - ise
 swan; Her face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone
 feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and

true; Gave me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - get will
 on; That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her
 sweet; Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to

be, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 e'e, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.
 me, And for bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd lay me down and dee.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE

Home, Sweet Home

51

HENRY R. BISHOP

Andantino

1. Mid
2. An
3. How

pleas - ures and
ex - ile from
sweet 'tis to

pal - a - ces
home, splend - or
sit 'neath a

though we may
daz - zles in
fond fath - er's

roam, Be it
vain, Oh!
smile, And the

ev - er so
give me my
cares of a

hum - ble there's
low - ly thatch'd
moth - er to

no place like
cot - tage a -
soothe and be -

home!
gain!
guile.

A
The
Let

charm from the
birds sing - ing
oth - ers de -

skies seems to
gai - ly, that
light 'mid new

hal - low us
come at my
pleas - ures to

there, Which,
call; Give me
roam, But

seek thro' the
them, and that
give me, oh!

world, is ne'er
peace of mind
give me the

met with else - where.
dear - er than all.
pleas - ures of home.

CHORUS

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home, There's no place like home.

Last Rose Of Summer

THOMAS MOORE

Old English Air: "The Groves of Blarney"

1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom - ing a - lone; } No flow'r of her
 All her love-ly com-panions, Are fad - ed and gone; }
 2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone-one! To pine — on the stem, } Thus kind - ly I
 Since the love-ly are sleeping, Go sleep — thou with them; }
 3. So — soon may I fol-low, When friend - ships de-cay, } When true hearts lie
 And from love's shin-ing cir-cle The gems — drops a - way! }

kin-dred, No rose bud is nigh — To re-lect back her blush-es, Or give sigh for sigh.
 scat-ter Thy leaves o'er the bed, — Where thy mates of the gar-den Lie scent - less and dead.
 withered, And fond ones are flown, — Oh, who would in - hab-it This bleak world a-lone?

The Quilting Party

1. In the sky the bright stars glit-ter'd, — On the bank the pale moon shone;
 2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed, — Rest-ed light as o - cean foam;
 3. On my lips a whis-per trem-bled, — Trem-bled till it dared to come;
 4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing, — And those hopes have lived and grown;

And 'twas from Aunt Di - nah's quilt - ing par - ty, I was see - ing Nel-lie home

I was see - ing Nel-lie home, — I was see - ing Nel-lie home.

Fine
D.S.al Fine

Auld Lang Syne

Moderato

mf

1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
 2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
 3. We twa ha'e sported i the burn, Frae momin' sun till dine. But seas be-tween us
 4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine, We'll tak' a cup o'

be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
 wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
 braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
 kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

Down in Mobile

Fine

Down in Mo-bile Down in Mo-bile How I love that pret-ty yar-ler girl down in Mo-bile.

D.C. al Fine

1. Some folks say that a nig-ger wont steal way down, yon-der in the corn - fiel' But
 I caught one in my corn-fiel' way down, yon-der in the corn - fiel' He
 2. Set a trap for a big blue-jay, way down, yon-der in the corn - fiel' He
 took my trap an' flew a - way, way down, yon-der in the corn - fiel'

Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-Der-é

HENRY J. SAYERS

1. { A sweet Tux - e - do girl you see, Queen of swell so - ci - e - ty,
not to young I'm not too old, Not too tim - id not too bold
2. { I'm a blush - ing bud of in - no - cence, Pa - pa says at big ex - pense,
fore my song I do con - clude, I want it strict - ly un - der - stood, Tho'

Fond of fun as - fond can be, When it's on the strict Q. T. I'm
Just the kind you'd like to hold Just the kind of sport I'm told.
Old maids say I have no sense Boys de - clare I'm just im - mense. Be -
fond of fun I'm nev - er rude Tho' not too bad I'm not too good

CHORUS

Ta - ra - ra - Boom - der - é Ta - ra - ra - Boom - der - é Ta - ra - ra - Boom - der - é Ta - ra - ra - Boom - der - é.

Comrades

FELIX MCGLENNON

Com - rades, com - rades, ev - er since we were boys. Sharing each others

sor-row, Sharing each oth-ers joys; Comrades when man-hood was dawn-ing, Faithful what

e'er may be-tide; When danger threat-ens my jol-ly old comrade was there by my side.

My Bonnie

In waltz time

American Folk Melody

1. My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean, My Bon-nie lies o-ver the sea;
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil-low, Last night as I lay on my bed;
 3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean, And blow, ye winds, o-ver the sea;
 4. The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean, The winds have blown o-ver the sea;

— My Bon - nie lies o-ver the o-cean, — Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.
 — Last night as I lay on my pil-low, — I dreamt that my Bonnie was dead.
 — Oh, blow, ye winds o-ver the o-cean, — And bring back my Bonnie to me.
 — The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean, — And bro't back my Bonnie to me.

CHORUS

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon-nie to me.

Juanita

Moderato

Soft o'er the foun - tain, Ling-'ring falls the south-ern moon;
When in thy dream - ing, Moons like these shall shine a - gain,

Far o'er the moun-tain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's
And day light beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re -

splen-dor, Where the warm light loves to dwell, Wear-y looks yet
lent - ing, For thine ab - sent lov - er sigh, In thy heart con -

ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta Jua - ni - ta!
sent-ing To a pray'r gone by! Ni - ta Jua - ni - ta!

Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni-ta Jua - ni-ta! Lean thou on my heart.
Let me lin-ger by thy side! Ni-ta Jua - ni-ta! Be my own fair bride!

The Old Oaken Bucket

57

SAMUEL WOODWORTH

1 { How dear to my heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
The or - chard, the mead - ow, the deep tan - gled wild - wood, And

fond rec - ol - lect - tion pre - sents them to view! } The wide-spread-ing
ev - 'ry loved spot which my in - fan - cy knew; }

pond, and the mill that stood by it, The bridge and the rock where the

cat - a - ract fell; 2 { The cot of my fa - ther, the dai - ry - house
The old oak - en buck - et, the i - ron - bound

nigh it, And e'en the rude buck - et that hung in the well. }
buck - et, The moss - cov - ered buck - et that hung in the well. }

The Mermaid

1. 'Twas — Fri - day morn when we — set — sail, And we
 When the cap - tain spied a love - ly mer - maid, With a
 2. { Then out spake the cap - tain of our gal - lant ship, And a
 { "I have mar - ried a wife in Sa - lem town, And to -

CHORUS

were not — far from the land, }
 comb and a glass in her hand, }
 well spok - en man was he; }
 night she a wid - der will be." } Oh! the o - cean waves may

roll, And then storm - y winds may blow, While we poor sail - ors go

skip - ping to the tops, And the land lub - bers lie down be -

low, be - low, be - low, And the land lub - bers lie down be - low.

3. Then out spake the cook of our gallant ship,
 And a fat old cookie was he:
 "I care much more for my pottles and my kets,
 Than I do for the depths of the sea." — Cho.

4. Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And three times around went she;
 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
 And she sank to the depths of the sea. — Cho.

Words by Robert Burns

Comin' Thro' The Rye

59

1. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com-in' thro' the rye,
2. If a bod - y meet a bod - y, Com-in' frae the town,
3. A - mang the train there is a swain I dear-ly love my - sel; But

If a bod - y kiss a bod - y Need a bod - y cry?
If a bod - y greet a bod - y Need a bod - y frown?
What's his name, or where's his hame, I din - na choose to tell.

CHORUS

Ev - 'ry las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, ha'e I; Yet

a' the lads they smile on me, When com - in', thro' the rye.

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

(Standard Service Version)

JOHN STAFFORD SMITH

With spirit (♩=104)

1. O — say! can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the
 2. On the shore, dim-ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
 3. O — thus be it ever when free-men shall stand Be - tween their lov'd homes and the

twilight's last gleam-ing? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per- il-ous fight, O'er the
 si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
 war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with vic - try and peace, may the heav'n res-cued land Praise the

ramparts we watched were so gal-lant-ly stream-ing? And the rock-ets red glare, the bomb
 fit - ful - ly blows half con-ceals half dis - clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
 Pow'r that hath made and pre-served us a na - tion! Then con-quer we must, when our

CHORUS (♩=96)

burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there O — say, does that
 morn-ing's first beam, In full glo - ry re-lect-ed now — shines on the stream, 'Tis the Starspangled
 cause it is just, And this be our mot-to; "In — God is our trust!" And the Starspangled

Star-span-gled Ban-ner yet — wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
 Ban-ner O long may it — wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
 Ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Dixie

61

ALBERT PIKE

DAN EMMETT

1. { I — wish I was in de land ob cot-ton, Old time dar am
In — Dix-ie Land whar I was born in, Ear-ly on one
2. { Old — Mis-sus mar-ry "Will-de-Wea-ber" Will-um was a
But when he put his arm a round'er, He smiled as fierce as a

not for-got-ten; Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.
frost-y morn-in' }
gay de-cea-ber }
for-ty pound-er } Look a-way! Look a-way! Look a-way! Dix-ie Land.

Den I wish I was in Dix-ie, Hoo-ray! Hoo-ray! In — Dix-ie Land I'll

take my stand to lib and die in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, — A-

way down South in Dix-ie, A-way, A-way, — A-way down South in Dix-ie.

The Girl I Left Behind Me

1 I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill, And o'er the moon and
2 Oh ne'er shall I for- get the night, The stars were bright a -

val - ley; Such hea-vy thoughts my heart do fill, Since part-ing with my
bove me; And gent-ly lent their sil-vr'y light, When first she vowed she

Sal - ly I seek no more the fine and gay, For each does but re- mind me, How
loved me. But now I'm bound to Bright-on camp, Kind Heav'n may fav-or find me, And

swift the hours did pass a - way With the girl I've left be - hind me.
send me safe-ly back a - gain To the girl I've left be - hind me.

The Goat

1. There was a man, — now please take note, — There was a
2. One day that goat, — felt frisk and fine, — Ate three red
3. But when the train, — hove in - to sight: — That goat grew

man who had a goat He lov'd that goat in-deed he
shirts from of the line The man he grabbed him by the
pale and green with fright He heaved a sigh as if in
did He lov'd that goat just like a kid.
back And tied him to a rail-road track.
pain Coughed up those shirts and flagged the train

* To the small notes, repeat same words in answering voice

Soldier's Farewell

JOHANNA KINKLE

Non allegro

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long-ing, Think thou, when tears are throng-ing, That
then what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me.
spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing.
with my last faint sigh-ing, I'll whis-per soft while dy-ing; Fare-
well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

For He's A Jolly Good Fellow!

GREETING. - Leader: Whazzamatter with - - - ? Crowd: He's all right!
 Leader: Who's all right? Crowd: - - - ! All: (Sing) For he's a jolly, etc.

College Song

Musical score for "For He's A Jolly Good Fellow!" in 6/8 time. The score consists of two systems. The first system has five measures with the lyrics: "For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For he's a jol-ly good fel-low, For". The second system has five measures with the lyrics: "he's a jol-ly good fel-low Which nobody can de-ny. — Which no-bod-y can de-ny. —". The second system includes performance markings: *poco rit.* above the first measure, *Fine* above the fourth measure, and *D.C. al Fine* above the fifth measure.

Good Night, Ladies

College Tune

Musical score for "Good Night, Ladies" in 4/4 time. The score consists of three systems. The first system has three measures with the lyrics: "* 1. Good night, lad-ies! Good night, lad-ies! Good night, lad-ies! We're". The second system has three measures with the lyrics: "going to leave you now. Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, roll a-long, roll a-long,". The third system has two measures with the lyrics: "Mer-ri-ly we roll a-long, O'er the dark blue sea." The second system includes the marking *Vivace* above the first measure, and the third system includes *rit.* above the first measure.

* 2. Farewell Ladies! 3. Sweet dreams, ladies

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Raymond Klages

Music by
Arthur Lange

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p rubato *rall.* *mf*

f *ten* *espressivo* *p a tempo* *ten*

There, By The Lake, you and I gave our hearts in sur-
ren der, to a love sweet and ten der. Gent ly
in my arms I car-rossed you to my heart then I pressed you,

G 118-5

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IF LOVE WERE ALL

THE SOUL OF A ROSE

TH' BREATH OF AN
IRISH SMILE

LITTLE HEART O'MINE

WHEN LOVE COMES
STEALING

Eili. Eili.

TO A LONESOME
HEART

LOVE'S LITTLE HOUR

DRY YO' EYES

IN THE TWILIGHT HOUR

ROSE O'MINE

TWO LITTLE EYES

THE HEAVEN IN
YOUR EYES

I HEAR THY VOICE
IN EVERY SONG

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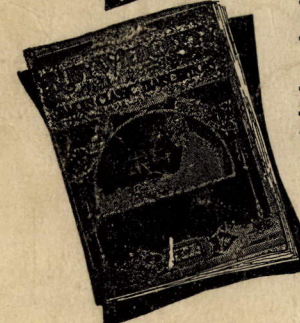
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